

This is the anniversary of the death, in 1832, of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, one of the greatest of all poets. He ranks close to Shakespeare and exercised in his long life a tremendous influence on literature.

## BIRTHRIGHT

A Fascinating Romance of Society In Which a Poor Rich Girl Sponsors a Rich Poor Girl.

What Has Gone Before.

Patricia Chesbrough, lovely daughter of an old, impoverished family, is forced to make her own way in the world. She has the entire life of a poor girl, but she is a girl of culture, wealth and exclusiveness. Into the city come the Palmers—nobles—made millionaires by a patent medicine concoction. The father dies, leaving a rheumatic widow, a young son, and a daughter away at school. Mrs. Palmer asks Patricia to sell at \$100 a month to act as a companion, but really to see that her son, Sidney, and \$1000 if Sidney marries the right man. Patricia, secretly engaged to Sidney, a poor artist, decides at first to scorn then to consider the offer.

By Kathleen Norris.

Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters," and Other Famous Stories.

It had been unlike the radiant betrothals of other girls. It was kept secret, and these years. For Patricia's father was an invalid and Sidney was only a wretched, restless clerk in his uncle's coffee and spice warehouse. "Helen," Patricia's mother, had been a girl of the East, and his own for some years. He seemed as unstable as he was unprosperous. But through Patricia's constant loyalty and the interest of Con Hamilton had been enlisted, and presently the estate of Sidney had an attic studio and financial freedom for his work.

Then Farchester began to know him for what he was, and began to appreciate his wild and unique charm. In the dull time of her life with Aunt Louise, and through all the hard times, Patricia's happiest hours had been spent in his company. The time came, three years ago now, when he must go to Paris, and for two years Farchester heard only echoes of his success. And he came back, and Patricia began to taste the reward of her faith and her waiting.

Only these two knew the joy of their renewed friendship. In the quiet hours of talk and of silence, they had shared. Still preserving their secret, they began confidently to plan for the future, when they should have just a trifle more assured work ahead, and when Patricia should come to share the big studio with him, and step with him into the world of struggling artists, and when Patricia should be which she so longed.

And then—out of a clear sky, Helena and Helen's problem. Sidney was rare; Helena was commonplace. Sidney was generous; Helena was narrow. Helena helped all the world; Sidney would not even help herself. It was a deadlock. For two months the situation had been growing daily more and more enduring. Sidney was sweet with Patricia, but never confidential or spontaneously friendly. She baffled Patricia, disliked her.

They talked of Helena now, as they walked. "She wants to go to New York," Sidney said despondently. "I swear I don't know what to do."

Helena, it appeared, was in touch now with old friends who were shortly to play a short vaudeville engagement in Farchester, and they were anxious to have her take a small party with them, when they returned to New York for the season. One of Sidney's artist friends there had most opportunely offered him his studio. The question that Sidney and Patricia had been discussing for days was whether it would not be wiser for him to do, to establish himself and Helena, and then to have Patricia go to him to be married in the spring.

"I can get started there as quickly as here," he argued. "And think of the difference in the future! If I charge a hundred and fifty for a portrait here I can get five hundred there."

"New York," she mused. "I don't know, Sid—perhaps it would be wisest after all!"

"It would mean that we could snap our fingers at Deerbridge," he said thoughtfully.

"Forever!" Patricia laughed at her own fervent tone. "It would mean that I took the Palmer offer," she added. "I'll make my own way, and you go, and I'll go, and myself going, I can do anything now!"

### A BUNCH OF LIFE.

Suddenly and eager, they planned it. Not in years had their plans been so definite and so immediate. Heretofore, Patricia had silenced him when he talked of a fresh separation, but tonight she seemed suddenly brave for the sacrifice, and almost anxious to have the waiting and work begin.

"I'll see if Helena likes these boxes," Sidney said, at the gate. "If she does, and they really engage her, then we'll plan to go—no more now!"

"I do—do truly think that's the best way," Patricia conceded. She was looking up in the dim

light, and could see the protecting look she loved on his face.

"You're so—so decent, Pat," he said. "I wonder if I've been right to hold you so all these years?"

"But I wanted to be held!" she reminded him. "Why, Sid," she asked, tenderly, "have you got the blues tonight?"

"Horribly!" he answered gloomily. "I feel as if I'd make such a botch of life, and of yours! If I had it all to do over again, I'd take you with me to Paris, Pat. We might have starved, but we wouldn't have minded it!"

No, we wouldn't have minded it! No, we wouldn't have minded it! No, we wouldn't have minded it! No, we wouldn't have minded it! No, we wouldn't have minded it!

"You think we ought to do it?" he said, ending it.

"And for a moment they stood looking at each other keenly, tremendous things unsaid between them. Once her breast rose on a gasp, and then, as if she would add something to what she had said, but the sentence died unborn. They had waited a long time, and fresh waiting was ahead. There was nothing to say.

### REMINISCENCES.

Suddenly Patricia found herself close to tears. Her eyes were filling, her mouth unsteady. She gave him a quick pressure of small gloved hands, and a shaken smile.

The gate clicked, and the doorway of the boarding house showed her slender figure for a second, silhouetted against a faint light. Then the door closed.

In the warm and odorless hall the girl hesitated. Dinner, with a great clicking of plates, was in progress below stairs. But Patricia was not hungry, and she slowly and deliberately climbed the two flights to her own room.

It was a small room, shabby and crowded. The walls were a vague, flowery paper, the curtains were thin, and there was a wide couch with a Bagdad tapestry over it, a rocking chair, and a washstand half hidden by a stenciled burlap screen. A large bureau was wedged in beside the bed, and in this trunk were papers, a mirror, and the book of a person lying in bed. Under the window was a big trunk, covered with a steamer rug, and in this trunk were papers, silver, forks and spoons, old jewelry, and odd bits of lace—all that was left to the daughter of Colonel Alexander Chesbrough, and Marie Louise.

Sometimes the lonely occupant of this room opened the trunk, and filled her lap with daguerotypes and old letters with envelopes of filigree silver, and necklaces of jet and gold. She would unroll the heavy, fringed brocade that had been her mother's wedding gown, and she would look over the ivory glove box from the Orient, and the Boulton teacups.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest. Clip Them.

MARbled TILden CAKE.  
1/2 pound butter.  
2 cups of pulverized sugar.  
4 eggs.

1 cup of milk.  
2 1/2 cups of flour.  
1/2 cup of cornstarch.  
2 tablespoons of cocoa, dissolved in a little hot water.  
2 teaspoons of baking powder.  
Vanilla to flavor.

Cream butter and sugar until creamy, beat into this the eggs, one at a time, beating good and hard. Then add milk, next the flour, cornstarch and baking powder, well sifted together, and vanilla; then take the dissolved cocoa and water, with part of the butter, and mix together and put into the greased pan a layer of the white batter and marble each layer with the dark batter until all the batter is used, and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

The icing is made by taking the juice of one lemon with one cup of 4 X sugar, mixed well together. —Mrs. M. Behrman, 713 E street, northeast.

If silk stockings are washed before they are worn they last much longer. Washing softens the weave and makes them more pliable, thus obviating the tendency that even good stockings have to form ladders.

## Tears in the Elephant's Eyes

An ADITORIAL.

To weep is a human weakness. Elephants are the only lower animals known to shed tears. Nature forces the eye to weep. Nature forces the eye to weep. Nature forces the eye to weep. Nature forces the eye to weep. Nature forces the eye to weep.

Command the services of our optometrists to detect and correct sight defects—now.

"See FTY and See Better!"

1217 G Street N. W.

# The Washington Times Magazine Page

## The Hundred Dollar Question



So the Most I Could Do Was To Tell Willard I Would Do All I Could To Help Him.

death," Willard answered. "But I— I'm very important that I keep in sight of that car we just passed." Then I knew that Willard had seen. All of a sudden it came over me. "It did not take long for the truth to penetrate my understanding. Willard had seen Juanita with Alvarez. He was trailing them. He was jealous! The wretch!"

He was so interested in that other girl that he'd risk breaking my neck to get her away from another man or even just to find out where she was going with another man. Of course, he didn't think I knew. He had thought I was so frightened that I hadn't seen who was in that other car.

By the time we got almost to my home I was getting furious. The more I thought about things the madder I got. And I'd been thinking a lot.

"I hate to leave you so abruptly like this, Edy," Willard said, when he was helping me out of the car. And he tried to kiss me. But I pushed him aside. "I'll see you tomorrow night."

"Oh, you will, will you?" I asked. "I'm awfully sorry, Willard, but I—I can't see you tomorrow evening. I have an appointment—an engagement with Mr. Alvarez."

"BREAKING POINT." "Alvarez?" he echoed. Then he seemed to reconsider. "Of course, I can't ask you to do with him, Edith. It's part of our scheme, isn't it? But I do hate to see you running around with such a rotter."

"He isn't a rotter," I answered. "I—I know he wouldn't leave me—like you're leaving me—to go. I had reached the breaking point. I simply couldn't keep the tears back any longer. They poured.

And Willard—as he said in the face of a woman's tears what can a mere man do—he sat right down on the steps and he sat right down beside me and put an arm around me, and said:

"Pardon me, language, Edy. But I—I'm sick and tired of this whole wretched business. I—I don't know how it hurts me to have you believe all those things about me—things that are not so. If you would only just let yourself know that I don't care about anybody but you. Can't you, Edy—for my sake, and for—for your country's sake?"

A hundred or more titles have already been submitted. Many of them are wonderful, but "they don't mean anything" because the story is not yet finished. Titles should not be sent in until the last installment of the serial has been printed.

GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE

A large number of persons who are evidently reading this nameless serial with avidity, and intend submitting titles, have asked the question, "How many titles may I submit?" In the beginning it was announced that "there will be no rules or restrictions; everybody except employees of The Washington Times will be eligible to compete for the \$100 reward." Therefore, each person may submit as many titles as he or she cares to write.

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THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS.



"I WOODEN RUN THET CAR ANOTHER INCH TODAY AFTER THE BAD LUCK CURSE YOU DONE PUT ON."

JUST BECAUSE THE ROOF WAS LEAKING, OLD MAN FLINT RAISED HIS UMBRELLA INSIDE THE CAR, AND THE SKIPPER, WHO IS VERY SUPERSTITIOUS, DECLARED ALL TRAFFIC SUSPENDED FOR THE DAY.

DRESSMAKING We make specialty of REMODELING SUITS. Call and discuss in the newest styles at 1014 14th N. W. A. SCHAFER, 1014 14th N. W. N. 2730.

The Persian native bread today is like that used 1,000 years ago. The Persians have built of smooth masonry work, and as first mentioned in the history of the Celts as of them having been used for a century.

## When a Girl Marries

A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

VIRGINIA and I were finishing an early breakfast when Hedwig announced that Lyons was waiting with the car.

"Please tell him I'll be ready in fifteen minutes. He's much earlier than I expected him to be," I replied.

"It's just like our dear, reliable old Tony to make sure the car's ahead of schedule, so you won't have to worry for a second," commented Virginia.

But when Lyons was driving me up to town a little later I found he'd put the wrong interpretation on the situation. Turning in the driver's seat, Lyons spoke to me, respectfully.

"I made bold to drive out good and early, 'mam-mam' as how my Bertha came out to Dreamwood last night, and I kinder figured on getting a little chance to visit with her in case you wasn't ready."

"No, can't say as how I did. She had one of her tantrums, and tantrums is rare with my Bertha. A sweeter tempered woman than

her never lived—but get her riled and—whoopee, she can say a mouthful!"

"I'm sorry you irritated her, Lyons. Still, you'll be able to make it up before long. For a day or two at least I'll be staying in town. After that my plans depend on my father's. But I imagine we'll return to Dreamwood before Mr. Norreys gets back and requires the car he's so generously loaned us."

"I didn't irritate her," began Lyons. "The situation changed to one of respectful yet keen shrewdness. 'If you stay in town, ma'am, I suppose you'd be sendin' for fied-wig to open the apartment?'"

"For moment it was 'who was irritated. It was on the tip of my tongue to reprove Lyons for impertinence."

"Never before had my need of Father Andrew been so sore. It came to me that I couldn't call on him for help. And if I found myself out off from asking his aid and advice, to whom could I turn?"

STOOPEd OLD MAN. "The same ugly possibility which threatened to cut me off from Father Andrew would eliminate Neal as a confidant. Once upon a time I might have thought I could go to Lane Cosby for help. That was out of the question now."

It was just twenty-five minutes past ten when we got to the station, so, observing carefully just where Lyons parked the car, I made mentally a list of people to make sure of the time when the train would arrive, as well as the gate from which the passengers would come out.

The train came five minutes on time and due on Track 19. I hurried across the station and found a place where I could peer down the dark tunnel beyond the gate. Presently a stream of people began pouring out. For a moment or two I watched them idly.

Then my attention focussed with something like a jerk. To the right, I saw Father Andrew, glowing. After a minute he got to the gate itself and stood there, peering about expectantly. At his side was a stooped old man, and behind him a young man like a trip-hammer. I knew—knew beyond the possibility of a merciful doubt! This must be the father I hadn't seen since I was a miserable little half-starved orphan.

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

## Maryland Cooking

JELLIED CHICKEN. Dress, clean and cut up a fowl, place in a stew pan with two slices of onion, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until the meat falls from the bones. Then half cooked and a tablespoonful salt. Remove the chicken, reduce the stock by further boiling, until it is near two cupsful. Strain and skim off all fat. Place in a cold place until firm. When served garnish with lettuce leaves and use mayonnaise dressing.—Mrs. Samuel Tayman.

FRUIT CANDY. Grind together in a meat grinder: 1 lb. fine raisins 1 lb. dates, stoned carefully 1 lb. figs, cut in strips, to grind easier 1 lb. almonds, blanched 1 lb. walnut kernels 1 lb. coconut, grated

Form into balls and roll in powdered sugar. These candies keep for weeks if carefully looked up, and are healthy. They are much cheaper than the bought candies and at Christmas time the eating of these candies does no harm.—Mrs. Percy Duval.

(Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duval.)

For a Scratch. Scratches on dark oak furniture may be greatly improved in appearance by carefully painting the scar with iodine, using as many coats as necessary to produce the desired depth of color. When this is dry go over the whole piece of furniture with a good furniture polish.

SWING'S SPECIALIZED ROASTING DEVELOPS the TRUE CUP CHARACTER of EACH VARIETY.

Brewed Fragrance. A pungent excellence endows these coffees. Their roasted in taste note-worthiness traces to our 46 years' experience developing unparalleled coffee flavors.

JAVA AND MOCHA. Time's beverage aristocrat. 50c lb.

MESCO COFFEE. A bracing, aromatic drink. 50c lb.

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